

With what pleasure must that farmer listen to the howling of the storm, as he sits by his fair blazing fire in the evenings of the cold winter, and knows that his cattle, his flocks and his fatchings, are safely sheltered from its rage; who knows that they are full fed, and who daily receives their caresses and marks their silent but eloquent expressions of gratitude, whenever he goes among them and gathers them about him to receive their food from his hands. He thus in reality becomes the sinner of Heaven.



the instrument of God to continue and work out the designs of his wisdom and benevolence. Mr. President, I had intended to have made some remarks on the different kinds of influences that should be brought to bear upon us, for the purpose of promoting agriculture. Time admonishes me that I ought to trespass on your patience no longer; but there is one influence that I cannot but hope you will call to your aid—there is one influence, so beautiful and quiet in its nature, and yet so powerful in its operation, that without it agriculture cannot flourish—without which, society would go back to the barbarian institutions common in the primitive ages. It is the power which woman has upon society. I grieve to say that there seems to be some symptoms, that the daughters are inclined, in too many instances, to depart from following in the footsteps of their industrious mothers, and too often seem to say that it is vastly more to be seen with a milk pail, or found at work by the cheese press, or at the spinning wheel. The term lady is getting to be synonymous with dandy, and her pretensions to the title, to be graduated by the amount of finery that can be displayed upon the body and the depth of ignorance of domestic affairs. Now I am not one of those sourdoughs who would have a young lady know nothing but kitchen economy, to the exclusion of every thing that appertains to refinement; and on the other hand, I am not one of those cavaliers who would have a young lady, when I met with one who wore a homespun garb, and whose range of thought was circumscribed by the horizon of domestic duties and qualifications. No, ladies, I would enlarge the sphere of both. If the Almighty has given you a talent for music, or for poetry, or for drawing, or painting, or if you have the capacity of contributing to the literature of the day, or have a taste for investigating scientific questions—cultivate them, and let them be seen. Don't trap your talents or talents in an attic and bury it up. Make it productive to you, either in some profitable or innocent enjoyment.

But remember these are the ornaments of life, rather than the substantial, and if you neglect the latter, the former are based upon nothing. What would you think of that architect who should lay out all his strength and his means upon the mere ornaments of his structure, and neglect the foundation—who should combine all the elegance of style and the beauty of proportion, and forget to lay the foundation, and build upon it? So it is with that individual who neglects making herself acquainted with the practice—the matter of fact practice of domestic affairs. I am willing that the farmer's daughter, if she have the means to do it, should play upon the piano or the guitar—that she should read poetry and make herself as polished and as refined as the graces themselves. But let her remember that this is but the mere sparkling of the diamond—the ornament of the gem, and not the gem itself, in the solid matter of domestic knowledge, and that no young lady's education is finished, however accomplished she may be, until she can darn a stocking, milk a cow, and make a cheese.

We should cherish and encourage all kinds of household—or, as it may appropriately be called, fire-side manufactures. It is from these little, silent and humble relics of industry, that much, indeed, we may say, nearly all of the great tide of our national prosperity flows, contributing as it does by little and little, but by countless additions, to the swelling of the great whole, as the dew-drop contributes to the ocean.

Mr. Lamar, a writer on political economy, in Hunt's Magazine, maintains that the best, and in fact the only mode in which we can save to ourselves the vast sums which are annually paid out for foreign importations, and found the fabric of our wealth upon an independent and solid basis, is to increase the domestic productions of the country—by that we mean not only those things made by our wives and daughters around the family hearth, but whatever may be wrought by machinery of our own construction and within our own borders. It is only by directing the enterprise of our own people to the right channels of productive industry, and by cherishing this enterprise by public and enlightened legislation, that we can become in fact, as we are now in name, an independent nation, and compete with England, the greatest manufacturing nation in Europe, in the markets of the world.

There is no formidable power in the world there is no Lion, unless it be the British Lion, in our path—there is in fact nothing but ourselves to prevent this result. We have the soil—we have the climate—we have the resources of navigation—we have the water power and machinery—we have the mechanical skill—we have the freedom and the physical vigor.

In our own country the four great branches of national enterprise, viz—commerce, agriculture, manufactures and several arts, may each be directed to the aid of the other, and to our great and common benefit. They are twin-sisters, with golden tresses falling upon fair countenances and with bosoms swelling with the exultations of hope—bearing the olive branch and the horn of plenty—linked hand in hand by the bonds of affection.

Like another Ariel, they will watch over the destinies of the republic. They will enrobe the fields of our wide sunny country with rich harvests. They will carry the operations of the water-wheel, and the spindle, and the shuttle, and bring the blessings of independence to every man's door.

They will fill our warehouses with the produce of our own skill—they will induce an interchange of the productions of our different States, and thus strengthen the bonds of our Union—they will whiten our inland seas and rivers with commerce—checker the country with railroads—send forward our ships and steamboats upon the ocean, freighted with the products of our own industry, and make us the first, as we are now after a lapse of only two centuries, the second commercial power in the world.

EDITING A PAPER.—Hear what the "National Intelligence," published by Messrs. Gales & Seaton, at Washington City, one of the most valuable and ably conducted papers in the country, says about editing a newspaper:

Many people estimate the ability of a newspaper and the industry and talents of its Editor, by the quantity of editorial matter which it contains. It is comparatively an easy task for a frothy writer to pour out daily, columns of words—words, upon any and all subjects. His ideas may flow in "one weak, washy, everlasting flood," and his command of language may enable him to string them together like bunches of onions; and yet his paper may be a meagre and poor concern. But what is the toil of such a man, who displays his "lead matter" ever largely, to that of a good Editor, who is better shown by his selections than anything else; and that he is all-knowing, is half the battle. But as we have said, an Editor ought to be estimated and his labors understood and appreciated by the general conduct of his paper—its tone—its temper—its uniform consistency—its principles—its aims—its manliness—its dignity—its propriety. To preserve these as they should be preserved, is enough to occupy fully the time and attention of any man. If to this be added the general supervision of the establishment, which most Editors have to encounter, the wonder is how they can find time or room to write at all.

Standing in the porch of a noted hotel, yesterday, we observed a gentleman pick up a pin, and carefully place it on his collar. "That's the way to do it, my boy," said a man from the western part of this State, who has risen by his own energy from poverty to an income of \$40,000 a year; "if your eyes are always as sharp, you will rival me in wealth, before your hair is grey."

**SINGULAR PHENOMENA.** "During the last few weeks," says the Jersey Times, "various singular appearances have been at different times visible in the heavens. About a fortnight ago, a star belonging to that class of physical phenomena generally known by the name of 'falling planets,' was seen by many of the inhabitants of St. Helier's, and after careering thro' the heavens for some minutes, it was observed to descend rapidly to the earth, bursting into a thousand fragments. It is curious and interesting at times to watch the phenomena of the celestial sphere, especially from the circumstance that, as far as modern science has yet determined, they exercise no inconsiderable effect on the general operations of the terrestrial world. Within the period of eight weeks the aurora of our island have had the scientific weeks called into the field to indulge in speculation respecting comets, aurora borealis, shooting stars, and various other appearances of a singular and remarkable nature, and if we judge from the immediate past, they will require, in order to exercise their integrity, to keep awake during the night for a considerable time further. On Saturday evening last, or rather early on Sunday morning, another phenomenon made its appearance in the sky, it possible more strange than any that have of late preceded it. A globe of fire, apparently of the dimensions of a good sized balloon, was observed to move about from position to position, making its appearance now in one place, now in another. It might be seen at one moment blazing with all the crimson lustre of the sun, and the autumnal sky, in another shining with a full, clear, and burnished light, irradiating the whole aerial vault. Sometimes stationary, it would all of a sudden, change its position, and locate itself upon a spot at a considerable distance. Here again it would remain for a few minutes, when as if tired of the quarters it had chosen, migrate without further ceremony to another. Alternately the subject of these appearances, it remained for nearly an hour, when, in a second, he coming detached from the spot on which it was fixed, it flew with a tremendous velocity through the sky, and took refuge behind a dark and murky cloud."

**A CURIOSITY.** On Saturday we saw at the store of Dr. Chilton in Broadway, opposite the Park, a living Chameleon just arrived from Borneo. It was a very small animal, but a few minutes previous, it had been nearly white. The present specimen of this most extraordinary animal, which has the appearance of a very ugly lizard, is about sixteen inches in length, and perhaps three or four in circumference at its largest part. Its eyes are placed in a dirty brown skin, looking like small and very brilliant diamonds set in brown stone. It feeds on flies and other insects, which it catches with its tongue, darting it out with the velocity of lightning, and with unerring accuracy, a distance of at least a foot. It is truly a great curiosity, very few we believe ever having been brought here before.

**A New Enterprise.**—A company, under the charge of Miles W. Goodyear, has left Independence for the Mountains. They number only six or eight men—have goods with them, packed upon mules—and they intend to trade with the snake Indians, and one or two other tribes. During Mr. Goodyear's stay on the plains, he purchased a building of a kind of fort, and a portion of ground, more as an experiment than anything else, and if possible make it a sort of half way house between Independence and Oregon and California, where the companies may stop and refresh themselves, and obtain supplies. He expects to have the coming summer all kinds of vegetables, and plenty of Indian corn and wheat, which they may pound up or grind into flour and meal. It is his intention, upon his return to the States, in a year or two, to bring with him a kind of flower seed and rare shrubbery which the natives may furnish, as well as everything in the curious line of the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdom.—(St. Louis Rep.)

The Neapolitan Bonnet is manufactured from white horse hair, every fibre of which is tied together and braided. It goes through over twelve pairs of hands before completed. The hair of which they are made, when in the ruff, is very dirty; after it is washed and bleached, it presents a beautiful appearance. The braiding is very firm and durable. The bonnets can be cleaned and altered and made equal to new. The name was given on account of the prejudice against American fabrics. Pattison, Noe & Co., 25 Delancy street, are the patentees and manufacturers. [N. Y. Farmer.]

**MANUFACTURE OF HOSIERY.**—The building in the western part of Danvers, Mass., long known as the "Cotton Factory," has been taken down and a new structure erected in its place, which is to be immediately filled with knitting machinery of the newest invention. The proprietors have ordered forty power looms, each of which when in full operation will be capable of knitting twenty-five yards a day, making one thousand yards for the whole number. The knitting looms will require the attention of only two females, who will be able to do as much knitting as would formerly have been done by a thousand of our grandmothers.

**ROBINSON CAUSE.** The chest and cup which Selkirk had with him in the island are in the possession of a family in Nether Largo, in Fifehire, who reside in the house in which he was born. The former is in excellent preservation, although at least 130 years old. It is made of cedar, strongly built and of the finest. The initials A. S. are rudely carved on the lid. The cup is the shell of some kind of nut which probably grew on the island. The late Mr. Constable, of Edinburgh, caused it to be new adorned and beautified, by giving it a new pendule, and having its edge surrounded with silver.

**CORN.**—Over two and a half millions of bushels of corn were imported into Boston during the year ending Sept. 1st, 1845. Massachusetts does not grow near enough corn for her own consumption.—Over two thousand bushels, we are told, are carried into the country by the Fitchburg railroad alone, every week.—(Bunker Hill Advertiser.)

**THE CATERPILLAR.** The South Carolina papers mention the appearance, in York and Edgefield districts, of myriads of caterpillars, which move over the fields in solid phalanx, destroying every blade of grass and other green substance that falls in their way. Large fields, where the grass, young rice, peas vines, and cotton, were in great luxuriance, have been rendered perfectly bare in a day or two.

American hemp is now exported to Scotland, where it is used instead of flax in the manufacture of certain kinds of goods, and where a new process has been discovered for softening the article prior to its being spun. Very fine and white goods are made of it, as well as bonnets and paper.

**PRESENT TO MR. CLAY.** A splendid silver vase which cost one thousand dollars, has been presented to Henry Clay, by the gold and silver artisans of New York. The present originated in the successful efforts of Mr. Clay, in 1842, to change the duty on silver ware from 12 1/2 to 30 per cent, in the tariff which was then revised by Congress.

**GREAT YIELD.** Abram T. Tilton, Esq., of Norridgewood, raised the present season, one hundred and eighty bushels of ears of sound corn, upon one acre and a quarter of land, and from six to 10 bushels per acre. Can any of our Kennebec Co. farmers beat that; or do they give it up? [People's Press.]

**CONARD STEAMERS.**—The shares in the Concord Steamship Company, which the Philadelphia North American, which originally cost \$1,000, sell in England for \$2,500. The Company invest their profits in new boats.

A legacy of \$5,000 was left by the late Peter Massie, of Elizabethtown, N. J., for the education of the poor children of that place.

**Maine Farmer.**  
AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, NOV. 6, 1845.  
Probate Notices. Those of our friends who have Probate Notices to publish, and would like to have them appear in the Farmer, which circulates extensively in Kennebec County, have only to signify the wish to the Judge of Probate.

**Job Work.** of all kinds, as neatly executed, and at fair rates, at the Farmer Office, as at any other establishment this side of the "City of Notions." Fancy jobs printed with all the different colored inks.

**Digging and Preserving Potatoes.**  
To the Editor of the Bangor Whig:

The Editors of the Massachusetts Ploughman, of the Maine Farmer, and some others have been telling their readers to delay digging their potatoes until late, because the good qualities of the potatoes are better preserved in the ground than out of it; and they further direct that the potato should be kept from the sun, light and air. In the last Ploughman the Editor says—"Turnips, carrots and parsnips are liable to heat if packed close in large piles; they must be stored in narrow bins, or in casks, to prevent injury. Or they must be packed in earth. There will be no danger of potatoes in a good cellar, on account of heat; but the sun and air are exceedingly injurious to them. They should be kept in the shade, if possible, while digging" (dug in cloudy weather, perhaps). "And they should be covered with sods in the cellar—Never rap a potato to knock off the dirt, but put as much dry loam among them as you please."

These Editors are learned, scientific men, and they assume to teach farmers, how to pursue their business scientifically. But before we adopt all their lessons, it may be proper to enquire what is science? Science consists, first, in stating a proposition, and then demonstrating it to be true. "Make hay while the sun shines," and as soon as it is made secure it in a dry place; is a scientific proposition, and every good farmer, by his practice, demonstrates the truth of it. The above directions of the Ploughman are not scientific for the reason that they cannot be demonstrated to be true. Exposure to the sun and air may injure potatoes that are fully ripe at the time of digging, and at the same time may improve those that are green and full of sap. But suppose the direction to hold good in the fall, how late will it hold in the spring? Are we to keep our potatoes from April to August, in a dark cellar, covered up with sods and as much loam as you please, to preserve them in a good condition for table use? Certainly not. Potatoes should be removed from the cellar, in the spring, before they begin to sprout, and spread upon a floor so thin as to admit a free access of air and light. In this way potatoes may be preserved good until August. Does this prove that the sun and air are exceedingly injurious? Throw a basket of potatoes treated in this way, and one other basket kept in the cellar and covered with sods and loam, to hogs, and they will answer the question, which is best? without the aid of a learned professor. One bushel of potatoes that are dried, by being spread as above directed, are worth one bushel and a half, if not two bushels, of such as have been kept in the cellar, to feed to swine or other stock. This fact every farmer knows, if he does not profit by it; and yet, our learned teachers tell us, a potato digger should carry a "sun shade." Dig potatoes in the shade!

The Editor of the Boston Cultivator copies my article on drying potatoes, and appends the following remarks:—"Drying potatoes may be a good method to save them from rot, and it may be well to save them in this way; but by exposure to the air they will lose much of their good quality. If potatoes lay in a box or barrel, open to the air, and in a room, shed or other place out of cellar, they will lose much of their good qualities in five or six weeks. To preserve potatoes in good condition, they should be dug with as little exposure to the air as possible, and put in a cellar in a close bin, cask or box, and the cellar should be closed so as to exclude light and air. Yet it may be better to save them with a loss of a part of their good properties, than to let them decay; but we would caution the lovers of good potatoes against too much exposure, as it will cause a great depreciation in their value."

If the propositions contained in the foregoing remarks are intended to apply to other than fully ripe potatoes, and dug at the proper housing time, they are unsound. Potatoes dug for early use, when bought for retail by the dealer are usually put in a barrel, box, or bin, in a close shop, closed half the time, in the months of August and September, when the weather is usually warm. If these potatoes remain a few weeks in this condition they lose much of their good properties; but is the loss occasioned by too much exposure to air, or too little? Two little. These potatoes at the time of digging were ripe and full of sap, but if cooked immediately were of good quality, because the process of cooking evaporates the sap; but let them be placed in a tight barrel, except at one end, and in a few weeks they become, when cooked, "watery" and "strong" to the taste. This loss of good qualities, or the acquisition of bad, is caused by confining the potatoes so close, that the stagnant sap has no chance to evaporate, and it undergoes a degree of fermentation sufficient to injure the quality of the potato, and sometimes to rot it. The truth of this is demonstrated in this way. Cut down a thrifty pine tree two feet or more in diameter, split the trunk of the tree into barrel staves, the first of August, and pack the sap staves into a barrel, cask or box, as close as potatoes pack themselves, and in three or four weeks all the sap part that has not had access to the air will be turned black; and carry these black staves to a cooper, or culler, and they will throw them out as refuse. Ask them why, and they will tell you, because they are rotten, and a barrel made of them will not hold pickle. When a green potato is subjected to this rotting process, and it rots or damages, it is ascribed to too much exposure to the sun and air; and this is called science.

**A GLENBURN FARMER.**  
We are not a little surprised that a man of as much common sense as the "Glenburn Farmer," should allow himself to write just such an article as the above. He may be, and undoubtedly is, prompted by a desire to do good to his brother farmers, and to correct any error that may be put forth by us; but there is a spice of sneering spleen peeping out here and there, that does no credit to his natural good nature, and seems to indicate that his bump of competitiveness was unduly excited. Softly, brother—be gentle—smooth down your bristles, and come, "let us reason together." You have done the Editor of the Maine Farmer the honor to put him in good company, by grouping him with the Editors of the Massachusetts Ploughman and Boston Cultivator. To this we have no sort of objection, if they haven't. They were both of them raised upon the farm, and have heretofore toiled and sweated in the fields, from planting to harvest. They are abundantly able to take care of themselves, and we would say nothing further, were we not also under your ban and accusation with them, and solemnly charged; by you, of being "learned, scientific men," and also that they "assume to teach farmers how to pursue their business scientifically."

To the first part of the charge, as far as our single self is concerned, we answer that we wish we could plead guilty. We never made any pretensions to learning or science. We are merely a student—an humble pupil in the school of nature—just beginning, as it were, the great alphabet designed to guide us to a knowledge of the Almighty Jehovah's works—groping slowly and falteringly along,

from letter to letter, with what capacity he has given us, and what diligence we can. As for "assuming to teach farmers"—it is an assumption we were never guilty of. We have repeatedly asserted, in our prospectuses and elsewhere, that the Maine Farmer was a medium, in which, and through which, the farmers and mechanics of Maine could commune with each other, could relate their experience, and thus mutually instruct and improve each other.

We, too, have heretofore had some little experience in the potato field—if our friend will allow planting, and hoeing, and digging, until the very joints of our back creaked again, and the pelt on our hands became as rough as a grater, and would rattle and crack like the leather of an old boot, to be experienced. We have tried many experiments in regard to the mode of preserving potatoes, and done it, too, with our own "individual" hands; so that what we, in all sincerity and honesty of heart, related in the Maine Farmer, was not theoretical but actual experimental knowledge. We had no intention of assuming to teach, nor to utter the hints we gave, with the dicta or dogma of a master. If we have sinned in this, we crave the "Glenburn Farmer's" pardon, and cry "Gramercy, mercy on us."

But to be serious, before the real matter in question, allow us to demur to the definition of science. You say that "science consists, first in stating a proposition, and then demonstrating it to be true." According to this, if a man should make a proposition that was really true, and should fail to bring forward evidence, or not know how to demonstrate its truth, it would not be science, because he had not complied with, or furnished all the requisitions in his definition. Again, your illustration is not satisfactory. You say "make hay while the sun shines," and as soon as it is made secure it in a dry place, is a scientific proposition." Well, friend, we do so consider it. "Make hay while the sun shines," is either a command, direction, or advice; "and when made, secure it in a dry place," is directory or advisory.

Grass, when cut down, will be dried by the sun, and form hay—this is a proposition, and in order to demonstrate it, you must take your scythe and cut down the grass, and expose it to the sun until it be dried.

When grass is dried so as to form hay, if you put it into a dry place you preserve it. This is a proposition, and to demonstrate it, you would take the hay and put it into a tight barn. With your leave we will venture to define science. It is a collection of facts, or truths. The more truth or fact a person knows, the more scientific he is. Science, or facts, may be demonstrated by a course of reasoning, which, the statements agreeing with other facts previously known, lead the mind to assent to it—or it may be illustrated by practicing truths, and thus bringing about the results proposed.

Now let us see wherein we have led others into error on the subject of potatoes. On reviewing what we have written, we find the paragraph which more particularly applies to it, to read thus:

"In harvesting the crop this year much care ought to be taken to separate the defective or unsound ones from the others, because it has been found that if any that are only slightly defective be put in with the sound ones, they will communicate the rot to the whole mass. We have noticed two effects consequent, as we suppose, upon the disease which has destroyed the tops. The first is merely a complete stopping of the growth of the tuber or potato before the starch or farinaceous portions had become fully elaborated, and the potato is mealy and waxy. The second is the rot, by some called the dry rot, which attacks the potato and causes its total destruction. We have seen some potatoes which were dug early, that appeared to be very fair and sound, which, nevertheless, in a few days began to decay and were soon worthless. As a general rule heretofore, it has been found best when digging potatoes, to allow the sun and air to come to them as little as possible, and to stow them away with as much sand or soil among them as could be conveniently done, in order to put them in a condition as near like that in which they grew as possible."

Well now, let us examine into the truth of the positions taken. Every farmer knows that if any potato or potatoes become exposed, while growing, to the sun and air, they will have a greenish color—become watery, as some call it, waxy in their texture, and "strong" or acrid in their taste. We also know by actual experiment, and we presume every other farmer knows, that if potatoes, when dug, be exposed any considerable time to the sun and air, especially if they be white or yellow potatoes, they become affected in the same manner. These statements are true. They are facts ascertained by experiment, and may be demonstrated by any body who chooses to throw his potatoes out to the sun and air. We know by actual experiment that the best way to preserve potatoes through the winter, is to protect them in as cool a place as you can, short of freezing, and as much kept from the air as you can, or as much as they are when growing. Hence the plan of packing them down as we recommended. But our friend thinks this is not the proper way to manage with potatoes that are not fully ripened. Perhaps it is not—we expressly stated that it admits of a question, and no one has yet had sufficient experience in their management of diseased potatoes, to tell what is best. We can tell what the result has been with ours this fall. In the early part of autumn, while we dug only a few daily, as they were wanted for domestic uses—those which were not diseased and were cooked, proved to be mealy and farinaceous as usual. After we commenced digging the crop, and found it necessary to lay them out and sort them over, and let them dry in the sun and air, in order to get out all the affected ones, we found a change in the quality of those not diseased. They lost their "mealy" character, and are now waxy things. This must be owing to the sunning and drying, because they were much better before they were subjected to that process.

And we verily believe that this is one reason why there is so much complaint respecting the poor quality of those potatoes which are not diseased—they have all been sunned and aired until they have lost what good qualities they had. There have been no "sun shades" used. Our friend may sun his potatoes, but we had rather have ours ripened according to nature's good old plan—under ground. So much for fall and winter management.

Our friend then comes upon the mode of preserving potatoes in spring and summer; and he asks, are we to keep our potatoes from April to August, in a dark cellar, covered up with sods and as much loam as you please? and then recommends to "bring them up and spread them upon a floor so

thin as to admit a free access of air and light." Well, if he does this without breaking off the sprouts, he knows they will grow until the action of the sprout and the evaporation through the skin of the potato have robbed it of its juices; or if he has broken off the sprouts and thus exposed them, they will shrivel and wrinkle up, and soon become as tough and almost as elastic as a piece of India Rubber. Experience has taught us these facts, which our friend may call science or any thing else he pleases—the facts will continue the same.

1st. A change takes place in potatoes about planting time, if kept in the cellar or in the chamber.

2d. Potatoes, at this season, to be kept in a good condition for the table, should have the sprouts broken off, and then placed in a situation that will be cool, and dry, and dark. So cool that the germinating process should be kept down—so dry that there should be no moisture absorbed, and but little or none evaporated—and so dark that the stimulus of light should have no action upon it. We suppose that our Glenburn brother will stigmatize us again as a "learned teacher." We would not disturb his equanimity, but we must repeat that we do know them to be facts, by twenty years' experience.

**LECTURES ON ASTRONOMY.** Rev. H. Wilbur, proposes to deliver a lecture on Astronomy, at the Baptist Vestry, in this town, on Friday evening next, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

We have heard Mr. Wilbur lecture several years ago, and can commend him to every one who would like to hear an interesting, scientific and instructive lecture on this sublime subject. His exposition of the science is clear, and easily understood, and his illustrations very beautiful. Go and hear him, and take your children, if you have any. At any rate, go.

The Editor of the Maine Farmer announces his arrival at Holmes' Hole, after travelling in New York. We were not before aware of the exact locality of that place, and had no idea it was just across the street, opposite our office. We have a great many times heard of ships putting in there, but never happened to see one do it. [Journal.]

Alas! friend Severance. You are not the only man who is unwary of the blessings that overshadow him. Just scull your "chebauc boat" into our harbor once in a while, and moor yourself along side of us. We will give in all "port duties" for old acquaintance sake; and you have now been so long from Congress that you needn't ride quarantine.

**Wayne Scythe Factory, &c.**

We copy the following paragraphs from a letter published in the Worcester (Mass.) Spy, over the signature of "W. H. P." and dated "Dunville, North Wayne, Me., Sept. 1845." We would just say here, that the scythes manufactured at this establishment are gaining favor all over the country. Some of them were exhibited at the late Fair of the New York State Ag. Society, and "took the premium."

"Dunville is situated sixteen miles from Hallowell and Augusta, near the source of Dead River, which empties into the Androscoggin. The water privilege here is among the best and most durable of the many to be found in the State; there being a continuous chain of large ponds, which vary from three to six miles in length, extending back some sixty or seventy miles, and affording most ample water power."

In this place, where only four years since there was scarcely an inhabitant, buildings of the following description have already been erected, viz: a brick shop, 86 feet long by 38 wide, two stories high, and containing six trip-hammers; a wooden shop, 74 feet in length and 37 wide, one story high, containing the same number of hammers as the first; a third, of wood, built this season, 100 feet long by 40 wide, one story high, containing eight trip-hammers; making the number of trip-hammers, in all, twenty. Nineteen of these are for welding, planing and finishing scythes, and the other is for making hoes. There is one shop, 90 feet long, and 30 wide, two stories high, which contains twelve run of grind-stones, for grinding the scythes and hoes. The upper stories of the shops are appropriated to the purposes of planing, painting, and strapping the scythes. There are several shops in addition to those which I have described, in which the hardening and tempering, and some other departments of the scythe business are carried on. They are all built in the most modern, approved, and durable manner. I have visited nearly all the scythe establishments in the country, and I do not hesitate to say that the shops here are the best calculated of any that I have ever seen, for getting off a large amount of work and doing it in the best possible manner.

There were manufactured at these shops last year, between 6 and 7,000 dozen of scythes; more than were ever made at any other establishment in the country, in the same period of time; and this year it is expected that the number will be increased to 10,000 dozen.

There is a store in the village well furnished with a general assortment of goods, for the accommodation of the mechanics, and where the farmers of the surrounding country find a ready market for their produce.

On the premises, there are also, a grist-mill with four run of stones, and a saw-mill.

The works are all owned by R. B. Dunn, Esq., a man possessed of as much business talent as any one I have ever known, and who has taken up the David Crockett motto, "Go ahead."

The superintendent, Mr. Taylor, also a very gentlemanly man, is a native of your country. The proprietor has in contemplation, I understand, the erection of two more shops, next year, each 100 feet long, for the manufacture of axes and various other kinds of edge tools. He employs from 80 to 100 hands in and about the shops. The mechanics are from the different New England States, and with scarcely any exceptions, are staunch teetotallers.

**FIRE AT EASTPORT.** On Monday night of last week, a fire broke out in Eastport, in the wooden stores on Market wharf, owned by B. B. Leavitt, Esq., and occupied by Messrs. Wm. Thompson, Andrew Tucker, A. R. Bradford, B. B. Leavitt, and D. Perkins, merchants. The fire was first discovered in the north western corner of the second story, in the upper store occupied by Wm. Thompson.

The total loss is estimated at about \$12,000. All the insurance was effected at New York offices.

It is somewhat singular that this fire destroyed almost the only block of stores which was spared in the conflagration of 1839, and that the causes of both are equally enveloped in obscurity.

**FIRE.** We learn that the Shore Handle Factory in Athens, owned by Jacob Butterfield, was entirely destroyed by fire on Wednesday night of last week, together with a large amount of finished and unfinished handles.

**LOOK OUT!** There is a dangerous \$2 counterfeit in circulation, on the Bank of Burlington. Letter B. is payable to Henry Clay, dated August 1, 1844, filled up with blank—signed R. G. Cole, Cashier, E. T. Vignette, President. Vignette, on the right hand side a blue bird, and head of Franklin on the left. There is no bee hive on the true bill. The bills are fresh and new, and well calculated to deceive.

(Burlington Free Press.)  
The Mormons have held a convention at Nauvoo, and resolved unanimously to emigrate in the spring to Vancouver's Island, on the Columbia river. The island is 300 miles long, and from 75 to 100 wide, and is inhabited by a few miserable Indians, and belongs to the Oregon territory.

## Editorial Scribbblings.

BY THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

"A Ghost! A Ghost!" Our younger brother in darkness frightened a host of "young braves" the other night, almost out of their senses—no, we don't mean senses, for they are not possessed (the whole pack of them) of so much sense as you could comfortably crowd into the bladder of a dwarf musketeer. There is a gang of young men (!) in "these diggings," who are about one-third donkey and one-third owl-eye, with many crosses of the wildest, and a few touches of the snapping-turtle. They are too donkeyish to work, too owlish to sleep at night, and too wildest to keep themselves on their own premises. Their principal business is carried on in the darkness of night, their deeds being evil. Among their slightest nocturnal acts, may be mentioned hooting, howling, braying, and tip-over-apple-cart-ing. This is a very laudable business, and we should judge that, from the fact of their applying themselves so assiduously, it must be a lucrative business. But enough of this. We only intended to tell the reader how our brother imp frightened 'em off the track. He lives high, and sleeps in the office garret with the youngest type of the font. About eleven o'clock, four or five of the above described beings picked themselves up at the corner of the office—or, rather, between the office and the building south, and made night hideous with their caterwaulings and brayings and hootings, and were probably making calculations on upsetting the portable victualing house that stands close by, as they have done several times. Old Morpheus had not mesmerized our brother imp so thoroughly as to render him proof against the noise without, and so his peepers were soon open. He got up—made a bath of his pillow—wrapped a sheet around his body—raised the scuttle, and stepped on to the roof. The moon was up, so that he, as well as his victims, could see and be seen. He walked to the end of the roof, and stretching himself up to his full height, (his hat added "a foot" or more to his stature) thus addressed them, in a tremulous, guttural voice:

"O, ye midnight revellers—ye disturbers of the slumbering hosts—ye wanderers from the paths of peace—get thee gone! or, by the powers vested in me, I'll paley your limbs, and cast ye into outer darkness!"

What did they? Stop and reason, as did Brutus when the ghost of Caesar appeared to him? saying—

"Hail! who comes here? I think it is the weakness of mine eyes That shapes this monstrous apparition! It comes upon me—Art thou some evil? Art thou some good, some angel, or some devil, That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare? Speak to me, what thou art."

No. All they had to say was said quickly—"A Ghost! A Ghost! A Ghost!"—and they "didn't say nuthin' else," but, spreading their dividers, made tracks as tho' they thought the next moment would be the last of them! They haven't been "round these mills" since, and we have no fears of their coming again, as they never read the papers, and will, probably, ever think it was "a real ghost" that "screaked 'em."

**AMERICAN METALLIC LUSTRE.** Mr. Samuel Jewett of this town, the agent for the sale of the above-named article in this State, has laid a package of the same upon our table, the virtues of which for removing oxide, tarnish, or spots of any kind from the surface of metals, we have, in a measure, tested; and, therefore, are prepared to say, that it "does the clever thing," and is, in fact, "all that it is cracked up to be." It is a new article—a good article—a substance of our own preparations—a sort of clayey substance, dug out of the bosom of mother Earth somewhere in the western part of the good State of Maine, and manufactured (by slightly burning) and put up at the Mount Eagle Works, in Boston,—the proprietors of these Works having purchased and fenced in (to guard against depredations, probably) the lot where this treasure lies. Mr. J. informs us that its virtues for removing tarnish, &c., and leaving a brilliant polish, are just as efficacious in its natural state as after having gone through the burning process, which is probably done to dry it, and is, perhaps, to give it a more beautiful color. It is a cheap article, and may be found at those stores where such things are generally kept.

**FIRE.** On Wednesday evening of last week, the stable connected by a porch with the dwelling-house of Wm. Woot, Esq., opposite Peter's Inn, in this village, was discovered to be on fire. By the timely exertions of the fire department and citizens generally, the flames were extinguished before reaching the dwelling-house. Some laughable feats came off on the occasion. It was feared at first that the main building would be destroyed, therefore our good citizens busied themselves in the work of clearing the house and saving the furniture. While one man took the pains to lug a straw bed down the stairway and out-doors, another, equally zealous to save, threw a basket of crockery or glass ware out of a second-story window! Other like saving acts were performed. The two fire companies, not exactly in imitation of the Philadelphia, had a sort of angry, hard-words and cold-water melees, which ended in the thorough saturation of several of the active participants. The water, tho' the cause of the trouble, cooled them off very quick. This lark-up put us in mind of Brutus' remarks to the "waspslike" Cassius, viz:

"O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb That carries anger, as the finches bear fire; Who, though unforced, shows a hoarse spark, And straight is cold again."

**NOT FAIR.** The editor of the Skowhegan Clarion, in an article relative to the late Show and Fair of the Somerset Ag. Society, says—"We were refused admittance to see the manufactured articles"—and also—"This makes twice that we have been denied the privilege of examining the manufactured articles." What means this? An editor has a right to the whole field on such occasions, especially if he occupies but the space of a Little-field. Have the Fair daughters of Somerset got so un-fair and so un-gal-lant as all this? Deny an editor such a privilege—and he, too, the weightiest editor within the borders of the State—who brings down the scales, on an empty stomach and in his stockings, with two hundred pounds







